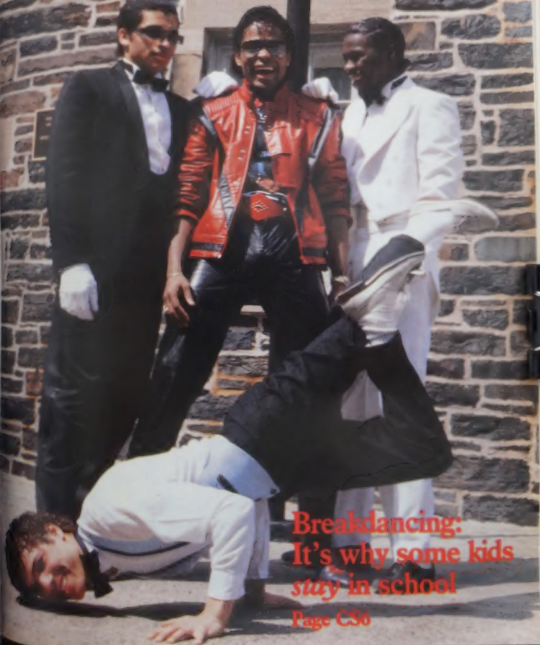


CITYSTYLE

Atlantic insight

June 1984



Breakdancing:
It's why some kids
stay in school

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The coffee house lives!

For the weary, downhearted, or for those of you just sick of Halifax's regular bill of night fare, there's no better place to spend an evening

By Alexander Bruce

Hunched over his 12-string guitar in the soft, crimson light of the Treasure Cove lounge in Dartmouth's Belmont Hotel, Paul Fotopolus of the Annapolis Valley is wailing an ode to unrequited love when he suddenly drops his hands to his knees and flashes his audience a world-weary smile. It's an inspired move until you realize not even Leonard Cohen would pause longer than 10 seconds in the middle of a song unless, of course, he's forgotten the music. "OK, hold on for a second folks," Fotopolus frantically runs his fingers

up and down the neck of his guitar. "Now I've got it..." Pause. "Ahhh, no I don't..." Longer pause. "Oh well, don't worry," he grins, "I've got another one for you." He launches into a ditty he says came to him during a daydream... or was it a nightmare?

Antics like these would turn most nightclub owners' hair white. But this is the first Saturday of the month: "Pub Night" of the Harbour Folk Society. And the one rule of performing here is never, never apologize — for anything.

"We're trying to create a

true coffee house atmosphere," explains Sandy Greenberg, musician and a founding member of Harbour Folk. "And a coffee house is unlike any other nightspot. I mean, we're not here to sell beer. We're here to provide professional and amateur musicians with a place to play and try out new material in a relaxing, friendly atmosphere."

That's all very well. But unless you're a musician or an aficionado of home-grown folk music, you've probably never heard of the pub nights at the Belmont, or the Hostel and Unicorn coffee houses in

Halifax. Far off the well-travelled fast lane, these cities, they guard their privacy jealously. But they're not bad. For they are providing only places in town where you can hear original music in raw form. Moreover, despite the occasional lapse into indulgences of some performers, the music is good.

Most people place coffee houses firmly into the natural landscape of the student unrest and Bob Dylan. They imagine coffee houses as cobweb-dimmed basement graces that cater to pop philosophers, poets with chestnut endings, and endless supplies of cappuccino and espresso. In fact, that's not far from the truth. At one point, Toronto boasted no less than 12 coffee time cafés bearing such bankish names as The Bohemian Embassy.

Paul Fotopolus at the Harbour Folk Society's "pub night" in the Belmont Hotel



...Inferno. Halifax had The Turret, The Privateer and Christopher's. Caught up in the ferment of the era, they soon became headquarters for a generation committed to a new way of life. And they were the sites of a musical revolution that produced such talents as Neil Young, Mitchell and Gordon Lightfoot.

For better or worse, those times are gone. Today's coffee houses are less ambitious. Their proprietors are mainly concerned with the bread and butter facts of running a business.

"I think we're successful—not financially, of course, but people seem to like what we do," says Carla Conrod, manager of the Halifax Hostel Coffee House on Brunswick Street. She started her coffee house over a year ago to raise money to send a friend to Toronto. Since then, her bi-monthly soirées have attracted regular audiences of 30 a night. She has free use of the hostel's north-wing, and she doesn't pay musicians. Refreshments include one brand of coffee at 20 cents a cup, tea, fruit juice and sometimes food. Customers are asked, but not forced, to contribute over a cover charge of \$3.00. "We run this thing on a shoestring," Conrod says.

"We pay for coffee and candles essentially. Our publicity is word of mouth and the occasional poster—we like it that way."

An evening at the Halifax Hostel Coffee House is something like an evening in your own living room. Customers sit on second-hand sofas and use a raised stage where performers play without a microphone and often in candlelight. In such an environment, mistakes are inevitable and nobody seems to mind. The music tends to be experimental, and members of the audience are frequently invited to take to the stage themselves.

The Unicorn Café in Dalhousie University's Student Union building is just slightly less polished. Established in 1983, originally named the Genesis XXII Coffee House, it was supposed to provide students with an alternative to the city's

Making music the hard way

Ben Trembly will never get rich whomping up music on the street, but so what? He's happy

Every morning, Ben Trembly takes his recorder, his mandolin and sometimes his autoharp to the Clyde Street liquor store where he works. No, the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission hasn't instituted musical lunchbreaks for its employees. Trembly is a professional busker or, more familiarly, a street musician. And come rain or shine, he's out there on the corner of Clyde and Dresden Row, blowing and plunking for pennies or, if he's lucky, for dimes. Why does he do it? Why does he risk his health and his social life for a pittance?

"Not for the money, that's for sure," he grins. "No... actually, when the living is good, it can be very good; it's just that when it's bad, it's most certainly very bad. I guess why I do it takes on a deeper meaning when it really comes down to it."

A self-styled ramblin' man, Trembly has driven taxis, installed telephones, been the technical director for a small theatre, been a radio technician, and even did a stint in the armed forces. But nothing has given him greater pleasure than doffing his cap and striking up a furious jig for passersby.

"Busking can be an excellent existence," he says. "If I could afford it, I'd play for free. Buskers tend to busk for many years because

they like it so much. It really gives me a feel for the tradition of the piper, and you can't get that one-to-one communication with an audience anywhere but on the street."

Contrary to popular belief, buskers aren't court jesters. It takes a shrewd eye and a cool head to know what to play for an audience that constantly changes. And that's why a busker, more than any other performer, must keep abreast of music trends. He must constantly refine his technique and increase his repertoire. He must also work long, hard days, often standing five hours in one spot to make any money.

"It's a basic free enterprise," Trembly says. "There's no protection to speak of. And when it's raining, your fingers get numb, your instrument gets wet, and there's not much business."

There are other disadvantages. Busking takes Trembly away from his wife and family, and prevents him from jamming with his friends. And despite his best efforts, he really can't make a living wage at it. But in the end busking isn't just a living. It's a way of life.

"I never count the money when I'm playing. There's a lesson in that. I'm an apprentice, in a way. I play for the music."

beerhalls and lounges. "We felt the time was right for something like this," explains its founder Michael Crystal. "Halifax's nightlife was largely restricted to the meat market downtown. We believed students in particular would appreciate a place where they could go and listen to live, acoustic music."

Since then, the Unicorn has become immensely popular with coffee house crawlers, routinely attracting crowds of 70 or more to its Sunday night sessions. The Unicorn offers seven brands of coffee and tea, donuts, cookies, sandwiches and soup. The atmosphere is lively and friendly. The talk is distinctly highbrow, and performers must often fight to be heard over the din.

But despite their differences, Metro's coffee houses share an almost religious commitment to home-grown folk music that links them spiritually to the cafés of the 1960s. Neither the Halifax

Hostel coffee house nor the Unicorn will accept performers with even a trace of electronic gear. If such a posture protects the integrity of the coffee-house ideal, it also prevents many folk musicians from getting the exposure they need. The Harbour Folk Society, at least, is working on the problem.

"It's very hard for a single coffee house to make any money, or stay in business long enough to showcase a wide variety of talented performers," says Sandy Greenberg. "You really need a support system to work full-time for the benefit of the region's performers."

Since its formation in 1980, the Harbour Folk Society has sponsored concerts, folk festivals and workshops, all designed to get the local musician a wider audience. It has even convinced some of Halifax's more prosperous lounges to host their own "folk music evenings." As a result, Harbour Folk's pub

nights have become showcases of local talent, attracting performers from all over the province. And on these nights, it's strictly standing room only at the Treasure Cove.

The harsh truth about coffee houses is that they don't last long. No coffee-house crawler likes to admit that. But he knows coffee houses don't have that widespread appeal that packs 'em in night after night. The Unicorn has already closed for the summer, to be reborn like a phoenix in the fall. And Carla Conrod doesn't know how long she can keep things rolling at the Hostel on just a shoestring. But all you really need to remember is that, for the time being, Metro has three charming little cafés. And for the weary, downhearted, or for those of you just sick of Halifax's regular bill of night fare, there's no better place to spend an evening. **C**

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For the love of Mulcahy

Why do so many Nova Scotians treat this Toronto-based actor like a favorite son?

Halifax theatre-goers love him the way kids love Superman, and down at Neptune they call him "the ticket-seller." He's a "close personal friend" to local actors, writers, bankers, businessmen and journalists. He's a member of the Halifax Press Club and, for one glorious season, was its trivia champ. He even supps, from time to time, with the Catholic Archbishop of Halifax.

In short, Sean Mulcahy — actor, director, teacher and dedicated world traveller — should be exceedingly pleased with himself. It's not every man who spends only a few weeks out of every year in Nova Scotia and becomes more popular here than Miss Teen Halifax. And, of course, he is pleased, and happy, and grateful, and ... well ... just a little confused.

JOAN WICK



Mulcahy's enthusiasm and love of theatre is infectious

"I do have many dear friends here," he says. "But I don't remember doing anything spectacular. People are very kind."

His friends say there's no mystery. He's simply a consummate pro, whose energy, enthusiasm and love of theatre infects everyone he meets. "He's a thorough-going actor," says actress and onetime talk show host Anna Cameron. "He has a wonderful love

of language, and he involves himself in every aspect of the theatre." Halifax journalist Harry Plummer says, "Sean is a delightful conversationalist, knowledgeable, and very knowledgeable." "He's full of the anecdote," Cameron adds, "and is gregarious in the best sense of the word."

But Mulcahy says if he is that, that's what his profession demands.

Fresh out of the RAF, where he spent six years in European and Middle Eastern depots staging amateur productions of Shakespeare and O'Casey, he came to Canada in 1964. "I arrived here essentially by accident," he says. "I could have gone anywhere. I was just looking for a change."

He landed roles in radio television almost immediately. But he had many frustrating months trying to break into theatre. That's when he met Andrew Allan, one of the best directors in Canada. "Allan was a civilized man," he recalls. "He knew Canadian theatre inside and out. I guess he was my mentor." Mulcahy learned from Allan, and in 1968 became the first associate director of the Shaw Festival. By 1968, when he accepted the directorship of Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, he was one of the most sought-after actors-directors in the country.

He left the Citadel in 1971 to become a direct producer in Montreal, where he stayed until 1974. From 1974 to 1976, he was artistic director of the Theatre in St. Catharines and Gryphon in Toronto. Then, he's been in drama at half-dozen Canadian universities, and in 1976, he won an ACTRA award for best radio performance as Eliot. "Sean Mulcahy is one of the all over the country, shared with Jack O'Connell, Margaret, and Douglas Fairbanks."

Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal for "worthy and devoted service to the arts"; and been nominated for four ACTRA awards. This spring he won an Actra — the Andrew Allan award for best radio performance as a male actor.

Mulcahy keeps an apartment in Toronto, but he rarely goes to work there; he says an actor must travel.

CITYSTYLE

be successful. "This is our lot. Actors must go where the work is. My attitude is that when I'm offered a job some-where else, I do the job, take my cheque, tip my hat and ask for their favour business."

But, he adds, travel is also a source of inspiration. It is what distinguishes the professionals from the hobbyists. For the actor's mission is to reveal the moral truths of humanity, the truths that link us in spite of the miles that separate us. And he can only do that if he has a broad knowledge of the world. He must embrace each place he visits, strive to understand its needs, and bring this perspective to his performances.

Still, many actors have said as much. And while dedication to craft may be a reason for Mulcahy's popularity in the theatre crowd, it doesn't explain why so many Nova Scotians treat him like a lost son. The simplest answer is that though the works hard to fit in wherever he goes, he also has an utterly unprofessional passion for Canada's east coast.

Born in western Ireland, on a bay where even today, men pull their meagre living from the sea, he grew up under the strict, Catholic eye of his grandfather. Little Sean attended church twice on Sunday, rarely went to the movies, never played cards. "My mother's father was a very straight, old-
fashioned Irishman," he says. "And you either played by his rules or you were out."

Yet, he remembers his boyhood fondly: "My grandfather had a great influence on me. He taught me things about the value of work that I carry with me to this day. I cherish my summers with him." Mulcahy first came to the Maritimes in 1960, touring in Bertold Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. It was like coming home. "It was a time of the most amazing parties. This region reminded me so much of Ireland."

He returned off and on over the next quarter-century, mostly for radio plays. But his deep connection with Nova Scotia began a couple of years ago when John Neville asked him to perform in Tom Stoppard's *Step Dance* at Neptune. Since then, he's performed at Neptune in *June and the Paycock*, *The Apple Cart*, and this season's *Mass Appeal*. He says the area and the region have had a chance to become reacquainted. "Other places have been dear to me, but Nova Scotia is special. It goes back to my Celtic roots. My bones feel right when I'm here."

Mulcahy is still serious enough about his business to keep travelling. But if, a few years down the road, he were offered the directorship of Neptune, he would be here "in a shot." If that should happen, Nova Scotia's theatre-lovers might never let him go.

—Alexander Bruce

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Dancing in the streets



By Deborah Waters

Inside Sackville's Downsview Mall, a portable cassette player blares out music that pulses like a heartbeat. Six black teenagers, known as the Beechville Breakers, dressed in grey sweatpants and white headbands, begin dancing a side-to-side step in unison. Then the oldest dancer, Todd Wright, hurls himself to the floor and spins on his shoulder, his legs slashing the air. He shifts his weight and starts spinning even faster on his back, his knees against his chest. Still moving to the beat, he lies prone and begins moving across the beige tiles, his body propelled by a wave-like motion like a caterpillar's.

Wright's routine is called "the worm," and the strange rites he and his dancing partners are performing are part of Metro's newest fad—a combination of acrobatics, martial arts poses, mime

and dance called breakdancing.

But it is more than a fad, more than a dance, more than simple recreation.

Michael Doyle, one of Halifax's first breakdancers, lives in a huge, low-rental housing development of yellow-brick units on Uniacke Square, where most of the Halifax breakdancers live. For him, breakdancing has meant meeting new people and lots of attention. His mother, Helen Doyle, says her son has found his first love. "His mind is focused. You don't know how glad I am. A lot of boys around here his age are in Shelburne [Nova Scotia School for Boys]."

Doyle's usual partner, Robert Provo, says he's changed since he started breakdancing. "I was shy. Real shy. Now I'm not shy no more. We danced at the Metro Centre in front of 7,000 people, and we couldn't wait to get out there."

The immense popularity of the movie *Flashdance* and Michael Jackson's rock videos may explain why breakdancing has spread so quickly throughout North America. But Michael Jackson wasn't the first to bring the "moonwalk" to Halifax.

Smokey Tolliver says his nephew introduced this fad almost two years ago. Tolliver manages the Futuristics, a Halifax breakdance group, and owns a private disc jockey service. "My nephew came up from New York the summer before last and did some demonstrations of breakdancing in the streets," he says. "Up on Gottingen Street, crowds of 200 to 300 would gather. The cops thought there was some kind of riot going on. They pushed through and peeked in, then got back in their cars."

Breakdancing originated in New York City as a way for rival gangs to display their machismo without resorting to bloody gang warfare. While Daryl Tolliver was here, he took on a couple of avid pupils. One of them was Michael Doyle.

"It was really hard," Doyle says. "It took us two weeks of practising in front

of a mirror just to learn the moonwalk. But he continued working at it for hours a day. Now he's making money breakdancing, as a member of the Cosmic Crew, Halifax's top breakdancing group."

The first person to promote the fad in Metro was John Bruce.

Bruce manages Colwell Brothers clothing store in downtown Halifax. With his glistening, wet-look curly brown complexion and delicate features, he looks like a robust Michael Jackson. When he dons a red and black sequined glove, the resemblance is startling. Bruce capitalizes on it, winning modelling contracts with his Michael Jackson imitation. And through his work with his older brother's modelling agency that breakdancing has developed a following in the Halifax area.

Bruce grew up in the same West End Halifax neighborhood as Michael Doyle. He started using Doyle as a model in some fashion shows. During the show, Doyle would pretend to be a mannikin. He'd moonwalk to the models and touch them, and they'd come to life. As other teenagers in the neighborhood began picking up the steps, Bruce began incorporating them into fashion shows, at the Sackville Mall and at the Office, a downtown nightclub.

Since Bruce started working with the group last fall, he's not only used in fashion shows, he's shaped its main nightclub act known as J. B. and the Cosmic Crew. He acts as master of ceremonies, dressed in his Michael Jackson outfit. His breakdancers wear



Doyle: Breakdancing's his first love

trousers, complete with ruffled shirts and cummerbunds.

"At first I had a problem with the poses," he says. "They wanted to wear T-shirts and head bands. The 'gang' look." He prefers the clean look, and it makes his group unique. Their costumes, and their synchronized smoothness while dancing, is reminiscent of the choreography danced by the Temptations 15 years ago.

Bruce polishes the act by paying attention to details. "Have you ever noticed how some of the breakdancers chew gum? I've told my guys they can't because they don't realize how wild they're going on their gum when they're concentrating." On Sundays, the group pushes back the couch in his downtown apartment and practises in his living room. "I grew up with those kids. Played basketball with them. This is my



Provo: "Rap" writer as well as dancer
way of helping out down there. All they need is a break."

Individual members of the Cosmic Crew have been consistent winners in breakdance competitions. "Magic Man" Michael Doyle and "Mellow Rock" Robert Provo won competitions at the Lord Nelson Hotel and at Dalhousie University. "Baby Breaker" Roger Kelsie won the competition at "Wheels in Dartmouth." "Cool G" Richard Gray, who complements his stage identity with a pair of narrow-rimmed glasses, joined the group only a few months ago. Before that, he concentrated on bodybuilding.

Provo is finding an outlet for more than his athletic ability in breakdancing. Much of the music popular with breakdancers is "rap" music with rhymed verses spoken to music. The

Cosmic Crew is the only local group with its own "raps." And Provo writes them.

"I go home and think," he says. "Sit in the house alone. It takes a lot of concentration. Anyone can rhyme, but it's hard to get a rhyme to go exactly with the music."

One kind of rapping is called "hip hop rapping." It's used to get people partying. "It's bragging about yourself." For example, Provo raps:

My name is Mellow Rock

I'm the best

I rock from the north,

The east and the west.

Another style is "message rapping."

These raps have political overtones, or

concern subjects such as unemployment, the economy or inflation. "That kind of rapping makes you think about life," says Provo, who's returned to finish his Grade 12 at Queen Elizabeth High School. He hopes to continue in vocational school next year to study electronics.

Provo is writing his own message raps too:

One thing you need in this situation

Is what we call an education

Don't drop out of school

Get yourself right through

Just think about your life

What you want to do

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Whether or not messages like this get across, the older high school students who are serious about breakdancing find they've become role models for the younger students. "The younger kids

idolize them," says Debbie Dunham, a physical education teacher in Dartmouth. She says breakdancing has given some of the older boys a reason to stay in school.

Not all breakdancers were headed for problems with school or the law. But it's the first time many of the boys have ever been disciplined about anything except sports. Since coaches have always known that sports can build character as well as bodies, Halifax Housing's recreation department is including breakdancing in its sports program.

As part of this program, Dwight Marshall coaches a group of pre-teen boys, the Greystone Breakers, from the Greystone public housing project in

Spryfield. They practice regularly at Rocky Stone Heights School. Carolyn Cowards, recreation programs coordinator, says breakdancing helps keep the kids off the streets and out of trouble.

At the Saint Mary's University student union building, the Greystone Breakers form a line, ready to move dance floor. Smokey Teller, 16, is dapper in a black double-breasted suit with a bright red handkerchief in his breast pocket, tells the audience to "keep track of individuals" because tonight the audience will judge contestants.

The Greystone Breakers are com-

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peting with the Double D's, a local group from downtown Halifax. There are cheers and applause as each boy is introduced and three finalists compete for the grand prize. Trevor Clarke, the shortest, slightest member of the Greystone group, wearing a shiny shirt with a bold orange number 1 on the back, a white sweatband around his neck, remains on stage with two members of the Double D's.

The boys begin strutting, each gesturing to his expanded chest. A cheer from the Double D's jumps from the

CM'S
ALWAYS

into a flip, lands on his heels and dances back into place. Under the jacket of his new track suit, he's wearing a blue T-shirt that stops about four inches above his navel. Clarke wins the \$50 prize. He grins widely, his face framed by tangled curls hanging below his ears. He says he plans to "buy a new pair of sneakers or something" with the money.

Audience response is a common method for judging breakdance contests, but many dancers think it's unfair. They say the audience can't be relied upon to keep cheering after they're tired out. Others complain that a dancer can always win if he has enough friends in the audience.

At a major competition at the Office a few nights later, a formal panel of three judges sits at a high, narrow table at the edge of a shiny, metallic dance floor. A predominantly white audience packs the lower level of the club. A balcony overlooks the dance floor.

Suspended from the ceiling is a garish star whose glittering shafts extend several feet in all directions. Multi-colored lights flash on and off.

The dancers are tense, wound up like athletes before a championship game. Though the groups compete like teams in a league, they're judged on far more than physical prowess. As dancers, they must display originality, grace and timing. Sizing up their competition, some of them make critical comments: "They don't do nothing original." "He ain't hit the beat yet." While a rival is spinning on his hand on the dance floor, some of them snicker, "That's all he can do."

Most breakdancers borrow moves from videos and television shows — and each other. "They stole all our moves," cries a member of the Futuristics at one point.

Three members of the Jailbreakers, a Dartmouth group, attempt a Helicopter spin. John Bruce (another Bruce, this one a stocky, red-haired teenager from Dartmouth) turns, holding Stacy Glasgow and Shawn Jeffery, who have extended their bodies like propeller blades from Bruce's shoulders. The dance floor is too slippery. They crash against a row of spectators sitting on bar stools. The dancers offstage laugh nervously.

The Dartmouth John Bruce is one of three white contestants. This evening, he takes more chances on the small, slippery dance floor in his acrobatics, and he uses mime in his solo act. Though he doesn't win, the judges make a special mention of his outstanding performance. Tonight, the Cosmic Crew wins the grand prize for the best group performance, and the Cassidy twins win first prize for a doubles act.

Derrick Wilson, 18, of Sackville, another white contestant, usually dances with two other Sackville High School students who haven't come tonight.



The Cosmic Crew: (Clockwise from L) Robert Provo, John Bruce, Richard Gray, Michael Doyle, Roger Kelsie

Billy Connolly and Scott Parsons won the competition at the Sackville Wheelies. Roller skating, at the Wheelies in Sackville or in Dartmouth, has figured at some time in the social lives of most breakdancers in Metro. A couple of nights a week, the rinks play rap and funk music to attract teenagers. Many of them "break" in the centre while skaters go around the circle.

"I used to go roller skating all the time," Connolly says. "But I lost interest. My skates got too small." He's relieved breakdancing has come to Sackville. "God, Sackville needs something," he says, laughing. "It keeps the kids from vandalism, anyway."

Nobody expects breakdancing to

stay around for ever. Halifax's first breakdancer, Michael Doyle, says, "I know breakdancing's going to fade. It's just a fad." "As a novelty," Tolliver predicts, "it may get through the summer."

In the meantime, breakdancing has yet to spread to most other parts of Atlantic Canada. Both Tolliver and Cosmic Crew manager John Bruce are talking about taking their dancers to Newfoundland. "While breakdancing is here, we're going to go for it," Bruce says.

Jerome Smith, dance director of the Dartmouth Jailbreakers, looks at it this way: "After breakdancing there should be another type of dancing. And we'll get into that too. And we'll just keep on dancing and dancing."



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mouth. Hours: Mon. - Wed., 10
- 11 p.m.; Thurs. - Sat., 10 a.m.
30 a.m.



THEATRE

House Arts Centre. June 3; Car-
Baker, popular Canadian country
per. Shows at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.
e 16: Edgett International Dance
ing Showcase. Showtime: 7:30 p.m.
house University Campus. For
re information call 424-2298.
atre Arts Guild. June 14-16,
25. Walsh by Sharon Pollock. A
y written for the Canadian bi-
ennial of the RCMP. The play ex-
res the relationship between Chief
Bull, who fled the U.S. to
stern Canada, and the RCMP. Pond
yhouse, Jollimore. For more infor-
ation call 477-4973.

MUSEUMS

ermouth Heritage Museum. Oils
Halifax-Dartmouth painters. 100
se Road. For information call
1-2300. Hours: Mon. - Fri., 9 - 9;
l. 9-5; Sun., 2-5.
ova Scotia Museum. June 13: Pond
alk: A visit to a local pond with
n Gilhen and Ed Claridge. You'll
rn how to recognize the signs and
ivities of some Nova Scotia amphi-
ins. Pre-registration required. No
ildren under eight. June 21: Public
ow at the Planetarium, Dalhousie
iversity. No children under eight.
ne 24: All About Snakes. At 2 p.m.
the museum. Nova Scotia has some
teresting and colorful species of
akes. You can visit the museum for
informal information session.
atures live specimens. 1747 Summer
reet. For information call 429-4610.
ours: May 15 - Oct. 15, 9:30 a.m. -
30 p.m. daily; 9:30 - 8 p.m. Wed.;
un. 1 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.

Maritime Museum of the Atlantic.
June 6 and 20. Special luncheons
featuring films and talks on marine-
related subjects. June 10-13: *Parade of
Sail*, special information board plot-
ting the routes of the tall ships. The
Days of Sail Gallery features models of
ships, a ship carpenter shop, re-
creation of the deck house of the N.S.
charter schooner *Rays*. Visit other
museums in Nova Scotia to see other
marine-related displays: Fisheries
Museum of the Atlantic, Lunenburg,
Yarmouth County Museum, Nor-
thumberland Fisheries Museum, Pic-
tou. Maritime Museum of the Atlan-

tic, Lower Water Street. For informa-
tion call 429-8210. Hours: 9:30 a.m. -
5:30 p.m. daily; 9:30 - 8 p.m. Tues.;
Sun., 1 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.

SPORTS

Dartmouth Sportsplex. June 1, 3:
Boating Safety Course. June 3, 10, 17,
24: Bingo KLR. June 6, 7: Atlantic
Canada Trade Fair. June 14, 21, 28:
Wrestling. June 25: Dartmouth High
Graduation. June 29, 30 & July 2:
Senobe Aquatic Club Beerfest. For in-
formation call 421-2600.

C



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CITYSTYLE

You have all kinds of ways to win with Insight

Here are four winners from the Ideal Homes Show

PHOTO BY GARY NICHOLS



The Lucky Draw held by Atlantic Insight at the Halifax Ideal Home Show attracted thousands of entrants. Winner of the trip for two anywhere in the world Air Canada flies, was Edythe Allan of Dartmouth. Shown presenting the tickets is Ken Brown, Regional Passenger Sales Development Manager for Air Canada, Atlantic Insight National Sales Manager, Roger Daigneault.



Margaret Moldon of Dartmouth won a weekend for two at the Delta Barrington Inn. She is getting the good news from Grant McCurdy, Director of Sales, Delta Barrington Inn, and Roger Daigneault of Atlantic Insight.



A unique Lego house was another prize in the Atlantic Insight draw at the Halifax Ideal Home Show. Amber Clark of Hatchett Lake was the happy winner, seen receiving her prize from Atlantic Insight Circulation Manager, Neville Gilroy.

CITYSTYLE



Mrs Jane Rigg of Dartmouth was the lucky winner of the slant desk and caboose chair from Argyle Pine. Here she is seen being congratulated by Rick Foster, advertising Manager, Argyle Pine, and Roger Daigneault of Atlantic Insight.

There were times during the three days of the Halifax Ideal Home Show when it appeared as though all the visitors were crowded into the Atlantic Insight exhibit.

Many came just to say how much they enjoy the magazine, others were there talking about advertising, but we have to admit that most of the people had come to enter the lucky draw.

By draw time on Sunday, we had literally thousands of entrants, and it's too bad we couldn't have had more than four prizes. Maybe next time!

According to Denman Exhibitions Ltd., the organizers of the show, everyone involved had a wonderful time. During the course of the show, more than 18,000 people had taken advantage of the opportunity to see the latest in home ideas.


You may be interested to know that 45% of the visitors came from outside the Metro area. Regular visitors, the people who go to all the home shows, accounted for 60% of the attendance. And 23% of the visitors had a specific purchase in mind. From the survey taken, 18% wanted to see more wall and floor coverings, garden equipment, and appliances.

Next year's show could be in a different location. Where do you think the best location would be? The Forum, or the World Trade Centre, or the new Atlantic Winter Fair complex?


Why not drop a line, giving us your thoughts on the location and anything else to do with the show. Address your

comments to: The Editor, Atlantic Homes, 1668 Barrington Street, Halifax B3J 2A2. We'll pass your comments on to the organizers.

C



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Insight



Travel Insight

A continuing series of vicarious voyages with landfalls in every corner of the world. We've marched into Berlin, waltzed through Australia, basked on Caribbean beaches, painted Russia red, been lost in the glories of Crete, supped a pint in London, bowed to the beauties of Japan, raised the flag in Cuba. While every one knows that where we live is where we like to be, it is nice to get away once in a while. Where to next? You won't know 'till you get there! Come with us. You don't even need to pack a bag.

Each month, *Atlantic Insight* presents the region to the people who live here — and to a growing number of men and women elsewhere who want to stay in touch with their heritage. Each month you enjoy the refreshing blend of news and views, wit and wisdom, pictures and people. You muse along with Harry Bruce, laugh along with Ray Guy. You meet the leaders, the comers, and the just plain folk. *Atlantic Insight* is the magazine of Atlantic Canada — so much more than just a news magazine. Subscribe now — and know what's going on around here.

MORE THAN JUST A NEWS MAGAZINE

